



THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

Alr Burns Farewell

Adieu farewell to all my friends
And the splendid shores of modesty
I am going to ride on neplunee wings,
In search of hospitality,
With bending sails and pleasant gales
My bark from Cork on Paddy's day
And leave behind all that were kind
For North or South America.

Since Potatoe Crop has got the rot
Distress appears on each man's brow,
Economy is quite forgot,
And harmony thrown in the Slough
That genuine love that did exist
Is now eclips'd both night and day
All causes me away to flee,
To North or South America.

For those last ten years we had no cheer
But all a scene of misery
Oh Irish Peasants think to our terror,
And help us from calamity
We have blight and plague and if I said
Working hard night and day
Nevertheless God will me bless
When I am in North America

In the month of June we loose our bloom
And then our misery comes on
Our splendid crops cut down too soon
Hard is the case of every one
The county cess like an express
In readiness we all must pay
Which causes me away to flee
For North or South America

Since Waterloo a debt is due
To each true hearted British man
Who did pursue the French they slew
And our man never very plain
This will not all now be forgot
To a yerrished cot both night and day
Which causes one away to flee
So North or South America

Now I am on the raging seas
With my swelling sails before the wind,
Thinking of the Iron day's,
And the bosom friends I left behind,
I must go the devil is cast,
My brothers I must obey,
And take with him a grand repast,
At Quebec in America.

Adieu adieu my native plains,
And too the lovely seat that I sat on,
To lakes and rivers Bandon streams,
And to each good hearted friendly man
Adieu to trade that's on the fade,
Mourning in dirt and in decay,
This causes me away to flee,
To Quebec in America.